THE MOUNTAINEER.

"DO WHAT IS RIGHT, LET THE CONSEQUENCE FOLLOW!"

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Original Poetry.

"THE SUNLIGHT OF THE HOUSEHOLD."

BY S. E. CARMICHAEL.

We knew that she was beautiful,
We thought that she was ours;
And loved her as the summer loves
Its coronal of flowers.
We loved to praise her winning ways,
As th' wild bird loves to sing,
When its full heart is pressed against
The earliest flower of spring.
But shadows crossed our path—bright curls
Were pillowed with the sod;
And the sunlight of the household
Went trembling back to God.

Our morning's wealth of light was dim,
Our noon was cold and drear,
Our evening seemed as dark as though
A night of storm was near;
We missed the smile, whose sunny wile
Was wont to chase our gloom;
The beautiful, that slept beneath
The shadows of the tomb.
We could not bear to linger where
Our petted one had trod;
Since the sunlight of the household
Went trembling back to God.

And life had lost that shadeless glow,
That gilded other years;
Or had to us, for our weak eyes,
Looked blindly through their tears.
The summer's sigh stole softly by
With music in its tone,
And hearts are deaf to melody,
Whose singing bird hath flown.
'Tis well! the angels only raised
Our sunbeam from the sod;
And the sunlight of the household
Is calling us to God.

Selections.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.

NATURE, or something that stands in its stead, is still strong in the Americans. They fight "willing, but with unwilling minds." They lift the hand to strike, they wing the instrument of death, but a mysterious power averts the stroke, or blunts the edge or deadens the blow. Are they in earnest, or are they playing at war, or dreaming that they strike, and still strike not? It sounds more like a dangerous game than a sad reality. Seven batteries breached and bombarded Fort Sumter for forty hours, burnt down its barracks, blew up several magazines, threw shells into it innumerable, and did a vast show of destruction. The fort replied with like spirit. At length it surrendered, the garrison marched out prisoners of war, and it was then found that not a man was killed or an officer wounded on either side. Many a "difficulty" at a bar has cost more bloodshed. Was this a preconcerted feat of conjuring? Were the rival Presidents shifting one another in harmless fireworks to amuse the groundlings? The whole affair is utterly inexplicable. It sounds like the battles when the coat of mail had come to its perfection, and when the only casualty, after a day's hard fighting, was a case of suffocation and a few bruises. Odin's heroes, as they renew their daily warfare are really wounded, though their wounds are quickly healed. This is sparring with boxing-gloves—not the loaded cestus of modern warfare. It is a mere spectacle. The population and even the ladies of Charleston poured forth to see the sight. Ten thousand soldiers lined the works, watching the sport and contributing their share. Our own Cockneys have seen as much, and done as much, at Cremorne, or the Surrey gardens, not more sanguine, and, let us hope, in not more pacific mood. But, perhaps, this is only the interchange of courtesies which in olden times preceded real war. The result is utterly different from all we are accustomed to hear of the Americans. Their "a word and a blow" has been the rule. In this case the blow, when it does at last come, falls like snow and lights as gently as thistledown. Surely it cannot be a "stroke." If it be, half the Old Union is in the conspiracy, for all are arming and rushing to war as if they expected serious work.

What next? An attempt to recapture Fort Sumter? A contest at Fort Pickens? A struggle for the capitol? A diversion in Texas? A renewal of negotiation? No one knows, and, what is worse, no one doubts President Lincoln for any plan. We can only compare the two sides and strike a balance. In the North there is an army, and a navy, and money, and a more numerous white population, without, too, the incubus of slavery. There is also the tradition of the Union, the capitol, and the stedfastness of Washington. Modern warfare cannot go on without money, and the Northern states can more easily raise and spend a hundred millions of dollars a-year than the Southern can raise ten millions. All that is outside and material is in favor of the North. It has the preponderance of everything that can be counted, measured and weighed; that can be bought and sold; that can be entered in ledgers and put on a balance sheet. It has the manufactories, the building yards, the dock-yards—the whole apparatus of national wealth and strength. It has the money market, and it borrows more easily than the South, where, however, political zeal sustains a fictitious credit. So in the North we read of numerous gatherings of State forces; of many steamers chartered, stripped of their finery, filled with soldiers, food and ammunition, and steaming southward. So much for the North. In the South, on the contrary, there is little or nothing but that which often becomes the counterbalance to everything else. There are the men of action, who can combine, conspire, keep the secret, have a plan, and carry it out without wavering or flinching. The politicians at Washington have been vacillating between peace and war, between compromise and resistance. In the South there has been one steady uninterrupted progress toward secession and war. To the very last President Lincoln has been behind-hand. His ships sent to relieve Fort Sumter only arrived in time to be distant spectators of the scene; they came, in fact, but to contribute to the glory of the captors, and to bring shame and distrust on themselves and their cause. If this is to be an omen of the result, the rich and unready North will be no match for the fiery forwardness of the South.

But long shots are very different from close quarters. A fight of batteries across a river, watched with telescopes, and quietly witnessed by a large population affords little clue for the result of a battle, hand to hand, step by step, with revolvers, knives and what not, round the very buildings of the capitol. That appears to be the thing next apprehended and President Lincoln has summoned to his aid all the miscellaneous local corps of the several Northern States that may choose to hear him. Strange that the spot once held so sacred and so carefully insulated from local or partial associations, should become the object of the first civil war! That is, indeed, what we have come to. Many of us remember, not without a tingle of shame for our own country, the wanton attack of the British army on the capitol, and the foolish injuries done there destined soon to be more than avenged. That was but a *souvenir* of the older War of Independence. No British officer would have dared to insult the great shrine of American union and liberty, had it not been felt that, beside the question then at issue, there was an account still to settle for the former war. Since the year 1813 there has been a generation of mutual respect—of even affection. That is all gone by. Other combatants gather round Washington. The war minister of the southern Confederacy publicly promises that the secession flag shall float over the capitol by the 1st of May. Any day it is expected that Virginia, whether by choice or by necessity, will join the secession, and then the sacred district of Columbia, which was to have been the common ground of the world's great brotherhood, will be the debateable border of a divided allegiance and a bloody quarrel. Meanwhile time brings round anniversaries which are celebrated as of yore, but with the feeling that they are now a solemn mockery. What are the Declaration of Independence, the Battle of Lexington, the birthday of Clay, and the other red letter days in the American calender, now that the glorious fabric is itself in the dust, and the mountain made with hands shattered to pieces? It was but the other day that all eyes were fixed on the capitol of the Old World as the single object of interest, and the expected scene of the great events that were to mark the latter years of this century. Rome occupied the attention of all men. A hundred questions were asked, but all were of Rome. Will Rome be still a capital? Will it be the head of a Confederation, or the throne of a universal bishop, or the senate of a national republic? Before these questions could be answered, and while they are still asked, the capital of the New World comes to the foreground, and is the object of much the same inquiries. The two cities of Rome and Washington are not so differently situated at this moment, nor are their prospects so different as might be. For the present, indeed, we shall all think more of Washington than of Rome. —*London Times.*

CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA, AND THE ATTITUDE OF ENGLAND.

THE fall of Fort Sumter must soon, we fear, if we may rely at all on the drift of the recent news, issue in civil war. The rumour that the southern Confederation intends to anticipate an attack by moving upon Washington is scarcely likely to be true, for President Davis is too sagacious a man to take a step which would so enrage the North as to induce it to enter heart and soul into an internecine contest with the South. If he were wise, indeed, he would not have ventured any active collision at all, such as has taken place at Charleston. It would have been better to trust exclusively to blockade for the reduction of the federal garrisons in the revolted states. The moral shock of any collision is most dangerous, as the accounts of the frantic excitement in Washington on the arrival of the news of the collision at Fort Sumter and the surrender of Major Anderson, sufficiently prove. It is true that American rage even at its highest pitch usually manages to stop short where policy would direct, and that we in England are exceedingly liable to be deceived by its effervescent symptoms. Still there is now the gravest reason to apprehend a serious civil war; indeed all the free states seem already to have intimated to the President, through the telegraph, their readiness to support a war policy; and, if it is prevented at all, it will only be by the unwillingness of the northern statesmen to risk the adhesion of the border states by an actual invasion. But if the Southern States should, as is rumored, be so foolish as to take the initiative by invading Washington, they would play directly into the hands of the extreme party in the North. All compunction would immediately be at an end, and in all probability the border states would themselves be induced by such a step to fight with the North. The situation is very similar to the attitude of Austria and Sardinia. The neutrals will inevitably throw their influence into the scale of the party attacked. Mr. Lincoln, as far as his own popularity and political position is concerned, can wish for nothing better than to be relieved by his antagonist of the responsibility of a decision. His difficulty has hitherto been, that the great power and wealth of the North has been passive, and reluctant to foment a fratricidal strife. But let once the slave states take the guilt upon themselves, as in some degree they have already done, and Mr. Lincoln would find his hands strengthened and his cause enthusiastically supported by a power such as does not exist in the southern states at all. We do not believe, then, in the reported invasion of Washington. A course so blind and insane is utterly inconsistent with the general ability shown by the southern government. But we do fear that the strife and defeat at Charleston will render it very difficult for Mr. Lincoln, in the attitude in which he now stands, to evade some attempt at reprisal, and that thus a regular war may soon break out.

Under these grave circumstances it is that Mr. Gregory proposes to ask the House of Commons on Tuesday next to affirm the expediency of an immediate recognition of the Southern Confederation. We can imagine no course more disgraceful to England, or less likely to command the assent of the popular body appealed to. Not that we desire to see a civil war in America, even though the North should be completely triumphant. We have often said that unless there were a Union party in the Southern States considerable enough to make some head even without external assistance, the defeat of the newly-Confederated States by the North could scarcely lead to any good result. It would be mere military conquest; and a power like the American Union cannot hope to hold together its territory by military force. And seeing that there is unhappily, but little trade of a powerful Unionist minority among the seceded states, we cannot wish to see a fratricidal strife which would multiply indefinitely the mutual hatreds of North and South without solving the ultimate difficulty. But this is not the question for us to consider. It has been England's universal rule to acknowledge a de facto revolutionary government whenever it has established its practical independence by incontrovertible proofs—then and not sooner. Whatever be the wisdom or folly of the war which there is but too much reason to believe is now declared between the federal government at Washington and the revolted states—it is not yet begun, or is only just beginning. There can be no question whatever of the constitutional right of President Lincoln to treat the hostile Confederation as a treasonable rebellion, which, so far as it trenches on federal property and laws, he may resist by force. This is his present attitude. He hopes, however little we may hope, to suppress the rebellion. He thinks, however little we may think, that he shall be able to enforce the laws enacted at Washington, and to redeem the United States property from the hands of the seceders. This may be sanguine; nay, it may even be a mere hallucination. With that we have nothing to do. We profess always to abstain from judging the rights of a quarrel between a people and its rulers, and to guide our conduct by the plain results of political fact. We are now on the eve of seeing what these results will be. Either war or compromise seems now inevitable. If it be compromise, we shall know how to act. If it be war, we are bound to await the results of that war. A premature recognition of the Southern Confederation would be a departure from the recognized course of England, and could not but therefore express a political bias in favor of the seceders.

Now, is it even decent to ask an English House of Commons to express such a bias in favor of such a power as that which has its seat of government at Montgomery—a power which is based on slavery as the very principle of its individual existence, and which, though it professes for the moment to have abolished the slave trade, is worked by men many of whom have openly assailed the laws against that traffic as a gross violation of the rights of the South. The head of the commission appointed to negotiate with the European powers for the recognition of the Southern Confederation, the Hon. W. L. Yancey, of Alabama, has devoted a great portion of his public life to denouncing the obsolete views of Washington and the other great American statesmen of the last century on this subject. The men and the journalists who chiefly instigated secession were most of them deeply pledged to a repeal of the slave-trade laws. It is true that when secession was achieved they found it necessary, as a political measure, to put forward more moderate men—men like Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, who had done his best to arrest the secession movement—and to acquiesce to their counsels. But it remains certain that such papers as the Charleston *Mercury* and such statesmen as Mr. Yancey were the motive power of the secession movement, and will again become the motive power of a slavery extension policy (which in its turn will require the slave trade as its legitimate result), so soon as the ends of compromise have been answered by securing the recognition of the new power in Europe, and if it may be so, the adhesion of some of wavering states. Under these circumstances, we earnestly rejoice to see that Mr. W. E. Foster has given notice of an amendment to Mr. Gregory's motion to the effect that "the House does not at present desire to express any opinion in favor of such recognition, and trusts that the government will at no time make it without obtaining due security against the renewal of the Africa slave trade." Such an amendment will come with the greatest weight from the representative of Bradford—a town which, though identified more with the worsted than the cotton trade, still represents fairly the public spirit of our northern manufacturing interests. The determination of England not to let interested motives interfere with the high principle which she has always shown on the question of slavery and the slave trade, could not be expressed more fittingly than by the member for Bradford.—*London Economist*, April 27.

SUPPLY OF ARMS IN VIRGINIA.

AT one time there existed throughout the state a feeling of want of the munitions of war, but investigation and examination have entirely dispelled the impression. Virginia to-day is better provided with all the necessaries of a great campaign than any State North of Mason and Dixon's line—if she is not equally as well supplied as the Federal government itself. The navy yard at Gosport, the magazine at Norfolk, the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, added largely to the supply; but the action taken by many of the counties, without the knowledge of the authorities at Richmond, in purchasing arms and munitions of war for the companies within the county limits, has supplied, to a very great extent, the hundred thousand men which within a few days, will be ready to defend the soil of Virginia from federal invasion.

The thorough and [illegible] of the quartermaster's and commissary departments, which General Lee has perfected, will enable the immediate concentration of troops upon the borders of the state wherever the movements of the enemy may demand the presence of our troops. Should the folly which reigns at Washington induce an invasion of Virginia and a demonstration against Alexandria, General Cooke is prepared to meet them, while Col. Jackson from Harper's Ferry crossing the river with ten thousand men, would immediately advance on Washington and, assisted by Maryland would soon end the invasion of Virginia by the capture of Washington.

Gen. Lee can at any moment leave Richmond at the head of twenty thousand men, now here and in the counties between this and Alexandria. General Gwynn, at Norfolk and General Ruggles, at Fredericksburg, have each a very large army under their command. The railroads of the state, under the quarter master's department, are held in readiness for the transportation of troops from point to point. The telegraph will communicate orders, while carriers are prepared to convey commands wherever the telegraph does not extend.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

FANNY FERN ON LOVERS AND MARRIAGEABLE DAUGHTERS.

How any young fellow can have the face to walk into your family and deliberately ask for one of your daughters, passes me. That it is done every day, does not lessen my astonishment at the sublime impudence of the thing. There you have been, sixteen, or seventeen, or eighteen years of her life, combing her hair and washing her face for—"him." It is lucky the thought never strikes you while you are doing it, that this is to be the end of it all.

What if you "were" married yourself? that is no reason why she should be bewitched away into a separate establishment just as you begin to lean upon her and be proud of her; or, at least, it stands to reason that after you have worried her through the measles, and chicken-pox, and scarlet-fever, and whooping-cough, and had her properly baptized and vacciated, this young man might give you a short breathing spell before she goes.

"He" seems to be of a different opinion; "he" not only insists upon taking her, immediately, if not sooner. He talks well about it—very well; you have no objection to "him," not the least in the world except "that."

When the world is full of girls, why could'nt he have fixed his eyes on the daughter of somebody else? There are some parents who are glad to get rid of their daughters. Blue eyes are as plenty as blueberries; why need it be this particular pair? Isn't she happy enough as she is? Don't she have meat and bread and clothes enough, to say nothing of love? What is the use of leaving a certainty for an uncertainty, when that certainty is a mother, and you can never have but one?

You put all these questions to her, and she has the meekness to say, if that is the way you reasoned, when her father came for you. You diddels to answer, of course; it is a mean dodging of the question. But she gets round you for all that, and so does he too, though you try your best not to like him; and with a—"well, if I must, I must," you just order her wedding-clothes, muttering to yourself the while—"dear, dear, what sort of a fist 'will' that child make at the head of a house; how will she 'ever' know what to do in this, that, or the other emergency; she who is calling on 'mother' fifty times a day, to settle every trifling question."

What folly for her to set up house for herself. How many mothers have had these foreboding thoughts over a daughter's wedding-clothes; and yet that daughter has met life and its unexpected reverses with a heroism and courage as undaunted as if every girlish tear had not been kissed away by lips that, alas! may be dust when this baptism of womanhood comes upon her.

HOW CHINA-WARE IS MADE.

CHINA is so common a material that we are apt to overlook its beauty and value. Some people make collections of pieces of old china, as others do of old pictures. Horace Walpole and the people of our great-grandmothers' time did so; and now, when the news of the "looting" or plundering of the Emperor of China's palace at Pekin, has lately arrived, curiosity-hunters are anxiously expecting the arrival of specimens of the famous "egg-shell china" of which not a single particle has been allowed to leave the imperial capital for the last two hundred years.

"Why are our cups and saucers called china?" Because the first specimens of the manufacture came from that country. It is also called "porcelain" because the word *porcellana* in Portuguese means a little cup, and the first traders in the article came from Portugal. The first china-ware brought to England was in a Portuguese ship taken as a prize in 1593.

In manufacturing it the workman takes a certain stone called feldspar, breaks it up, washes it, and preserves the finest portion, which sinking to the bottom of the water, forms a hard, white mass that can be reduced to a fine powder. This is mixed with water till it is like thick cream. Then pieces of flint, which are very hard, are burnt in a great kiln-fire, thrown red-hot into cold water and afterward ground fine. Next, the flint and the clay mixtures are brought together, when they form a sort of mortar or [illegible] with naked feet, to squeeze out the air bubbles. It is afterward placed in a damp cellar to ferment, and thus get rid of any animal or vegetable matter it may contain. The longer it is kept the better the clay is. The Chinese keep it over fifteen or twenty years, and a parent will often provide a sufficient stock for his son's life.

Most pieces of machinery become improved and altered in course of time; but the potters' wheel is much the same now in 1861 as it is known to have been nineteen hundred years before Christ. This potters' wheel is a small circular board made to revolve very rapidly, and on this the clay is measured, and its intended shape given to it by the pressure of the fingers and palms of the potters' hands. In the catacombs of Thebes in Egypt, which are proved to have existed more than three thousand seven hundred years, there have been found paintings representing various processes of the potters' art, and among them a delineation of a potters' wheel, exactly like those now in use. When the clay vessel is moulded it is partially dried, smoothed on a turning-lathe, and fitted with spouts, handles, &c. those irregularly sloped pieces being cast in mold; then they are all baked hard in a great fierce oven.

But when they leave the oven they look dull, and some ladies buy them in this state (called "biscuit ware," because they resemble ship's biscuit) and paint their own designs or patterns on them. The painting is done with peculiar metallic colors which are afterward *burnt in*.

The exquisite group of flowers often found on china-ware is painted by an artist who makes it his sole business to decorate china.

The gold round the edges is laid on in the metallic leaf, then burned in, and burnished by rubbing it with a very smooth tool.

After *painting* the vessels, they are *glazed* by being dipped in a mixture of lead and ground flints, which looks like cream. When taken out of this mixture the paintings are quite covered by it, it is so thick; but on being fired in an oven the heat converts the pasty looking covering into a thin coating of glass.

Although the Chinese made the first china, their manufactures are neither as elegant nor useful as those of America and England. But they are more curious. They ornament their porcelain in very queer style; and the division of labor being great among these, and carried even into their designs, different workmen, without any concert or plan, paint successive parts of the same group or picture which contributes to the grotesque effect of their work. They are also ignorant of perspective; so that you see the strangest effects in what they call landscapes. They write besides common china several others—a black kind much esteemed in the East; a kind which appears as though it were crackled all over; one in which the colors show only when the vessel is filled with liquid; and still another variety, in which various figures appear painted on pure white porcelain, and yet the porcelain is smooth. They have even built a tower in Nankin which is nearly three hundred feet high, and entirely covered with porcelain tiles, which look as fresh as when they were first put on, four hundred years ago.

The first attempt to make porcelain in Europe was by the Moors in Spain—then a ware called "majolica" was made at Majorca, from whence the manufacture was removed to Italy. About the middle of the sixteenth century, Bernard Palissy, a Protestant, after many trials, produced a beautiful enamel-glazed vase. Palissy's life, which you should all read, is very interesting, and shows what patience and perseverance will accomplish. In the seventeenth century, in England there was only a common earthen-ware, but two German brothers of the name of Elers discovered a superior clay, and after this a gentleman named Astbury, who was engaged in the manufacture, having occasion to employ some calcined flints as a poultice to his horse's eyes, noticed their fine, white, opaque substance, and added them to the paste of which he made his china, thus supplying the last needed improvement for the perfection of the art. Mr. Josiah Wedgewood, who was born a poor potter's son, was the next and greatest improver.

In the eighteenth century, a German named Bottiches, while hunting for the philosopher's stone, made Dresden china by accident! The clay which he used for his crucibles was discovered in a singular manner. John Schnorr, an iron-master, riding out, discovered that his horse's feet were sticking in a soft white earth, which he used as a substitute for hair-powder. Bottiches used it as such, and observing its earthly nature, tested it, and found it exactly what he wanted to perfect his porcelain. The Elector then caused the earth to be taken secretly to the factory in sealed barrels. Every workman was sworn to secrecy; and "Dumb till death!" was inscribed in large letters in all the work-shops. The next famous works were those of Sevres.

THE YANKEE ALADDIN.

ALADDIN began by swapping jack-knives and getting the best, and bartering halves of marbles stuck together for whole ones. When he grew older, and sold berries which he picked on the hill pastures, he greased the quart pot, so that a little capital was carried forward to the next measure. He hayed hard all summer, and went to evening schools in winter, and learned the [illegible]

[illegible] tickle me, and I'll tickle you—if I can; but at all events, you tickle me."

At an early age Aladdin was considered to be good at a bargain, which meant that he always succeeded in exchanging the worse for the better; always keeping the blind eye of a horse to the wall when he wanted to sell him, and always looking straight at it when he wanted to buy him; and the approving village shook its head, and said, "Let Aladdin alone to succeed."

He grew up and left the village for the world.

"He'll be rich," said the village, with more enthusiasm and envy than any village says of a departing boy. "He'll be honest, faithful, generous." To Aladdin, the whole world was but a market in which to buy cheap and sell dear. For him there was no beauty, no heroism, no piety, no history. To him all lands and waters are alike. No Homer sings for him along the Ægean; he only curses the wind that will not blow him to Odessa. No sirens call to him from the sunny shore; he loves the sharp oath of a brutal boatswain.

With a Bible in his hand, and a quid in his mouth, he squirts about the holy places of Jerusalem, and calculates the cost of the sepulchre. He scratches his name with a jack knife upon Egyptian obeliaks, by the side of the hieroglyphed names of Rameses and Tothems, names that shook early history with their grandeur; and the reverend echoes of the Libyan desert, that have slept since they heard the shout of Alexander's army marching to find the oracle Ammon, are awakened by the shrill whistling of Yankee Doodle and Old Dan Tucker.

He insults the Grand Lama, hobnobs with the Great Mogul, turns his back upon Emperors, and takes a pinch of snuff out of the Pope's snuff-box. He eats flesh cut raw from the animal with Abyssinians, chews bang with the Arabs, smokes opium with the Turks, and rides for a bride with the Calmuck Tartar.

Then Aladdin comes home. He has turned his goods and his opportunities over and over again, and they are all turned into piles of money. The wise village welcomes him, and younger generations, as the shining example of the successful man. "For, my dear son, just think of it! He began with nothing, and now look!"

My dear son does look, and he sees Aladdin owning millions of dollars, and of all the doing good societies, he is the chief director. His name is as good as gold. He has bought pictures, and books, and statues. He is housed in luxury, and he pricks his mouth with a silver fork. He has a home for a poet, but he boasts that he never reads anything but the newspapers. He goes to church twice on Sundays and only wakes up when the preacher rattles and denounces the sinners of Sodom and those tough old Jews of Jerusalem. His head is bald and shiny with all the [illegible] that have hit it, and gleamed off. He clasps his hands in prayer, but forgets to close them while the plate [illegible] and he gets [illegible] of charity successful man, shouting God that he is not another nine sins; and after dinner lights a cigar, and [illegible] the fire in an easy chair, and tells the children to remember that honesty is the best policy, and looks sleepily at Mrs. Aladdin through the thick smoke.

By and by old Aladdin dies. The conventional virtues are conned over by the editors, as the mourning carriages are called out by the undertakers. The papers regret that they are summoned to deplore the loss of the revered parent, generous friend, public spirited citizen, and pious man. Then the precious swapper of jack-knives, and model for the rising generations, is left under the sod. The stars that he never saw now burn over him with a soft lustre that no lamps above a king's tomb emulate; and the south winds, for whose breath upon his hot brow he was never grateful, now strews his last bed with anemones and violets, which his heel crushed while living. And the men who are to be formed upon that model and pursue a similar success, carelessly ask as they stir their toddies, "So, old Aladdin is gone at last; will he cut up well?" The sculptor carves a cherub upon his tombstone, and graves the motto, "By their works ye shall know them," while some quiet Charles Lamb, with insanity in his family, asks, as he reads Aladdin's epitaph, "Where be all the bad people buried?"—*G. W. Curtis.*

Miscellaneous.

PRICE OF CATTLE.—Fifteen cows and thirteen calves sold the other day in Sonoma county for $150. This was considered a good price.

Two comets are now looked for by astronomers—the De Vika comet which appeared in 1855, and the celebrated comet of Charles V.

Fugitive slaves have been frightened and scattered at Cleveland, O., in consequence of the recent prompt action in carrying out the law.

Recently, what was supposed to be a meteoric stone, exploded near Elgin, Illinois, with a noise which awakened the sleepers for a distance of twenty miles in circumference.

EARLY MARRIAGE.—North Carolina papers chron cle the marriage of Rev. Mark Smith to the daughter of Gov. Cook, age 12 years 6 months and 13 days.

John B. Gough has declined all his re[illegible]

[illegible] a New York color, committed suicide lately by means of poison, because she found a strange pair of lady's gloves in her husband's pocket.

RAPID INCREASE.—The Melbourne *Herald* states that in less than a quarter of a century, Australia has increased from a population of 170 to 530,000 persons; and in ten years has exported 23,900,000 ounces of gold.

AID FOR THE POPE.—The sum received for Peter's Pence, from all parts of the Catholic world, amounts to 2,800,000 scudi (a scudi is about one dollar.) But it adds that the sum is far outweighed by the vast number of prayers that have been offered up by the faithful, "for the triumph of the church over her enemies."

STRANGE OCCURRENCE.—Two men in Fresno took shelter in a barn for the night, and in the morning one of them was found dead, with a gash on his head. His companion was arrested for supposed crime, but protested his innocence, and on examination a hole was discovered in the roof, and the meteoric stone which caused the gash was afterwards found near where the man was lying.

A WARNING.—As the oldest daughter of Mrs. Lemuel Holmes was preparing for church, on Sunday says the Janesville *Republican* of recent date, she threw back her head and asked if her neck was clean, and immediately fell down crying, "A pin, a pin." She began to choke and grew black, and struggle as if she must die, while the pin, which she had held in her mouth, stuck fast in her windpipe. The doctors were summoned, and after a skillful operation which lasted three hours, succeeded in opening the throat and extracting the dangerous intruder. The patient was under the influence of chloroform. She is now doing well.

FAMINE AND MORTALITY.—The famine in India is desolating the North-western provinces for a thousand miles in extent. Human beings were dying at the rate of 400 or 500 a day. Mothers are selling their children as slaves for 6d each, that they may have bread, if only for a single day. The first Prince of Travancore has called on his brother princes to unite in subscribing for a throne of solid gold, to be presented to Queen Victoria, as the sovereign of India. He himself offers to subscribe £100. It is in Travancore that they are starving of such a fearful rate.

THE CATHEDRAL IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.—This Cathedral is probably the most capacious edifice of worship in America. It is 360 feet long, 420 feet wide, and capable of holding 30,000. The edifice is thus described:—The building is not in conformity with any order of architecture, although remarkably imposing. The walls are built of massive basalt, while the front is covered over with the most [illegible] carving, while massive pillars stand against the wall for the support of its [illegible] towers. The interior is [illegible] [illegible] The choir is supported [illegible] elaborately carved, with [illegible] high altar, raised from the floor [illegible] of platform, exhibits [illegible] [illegible] gold in silver, and is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] parts of the church are a perfect [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE
MOUNTAINEER.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY:

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1861.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

We are this week called upon to record the sudden departure from this life of another esteemed friend and near neighbor, Captain Domisico Bonney Ballo, the well known Italian professor of music. He was born in Sicily, on the 21st of March, 1805, where he resided till 1825, at which time he emigrated to New York. He immediately entered the service of the United States Government, as a musician, and continued to move in that sphere between twenty-one and twenty-two years; three years and six months of which he spent at West Point.

Having a desire to see other portions of the United States he removed to St. Louis in 1847, where he became identified with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. While in St. Louis he taught music, organized a band, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. Leaving many friends behind he traveled through Iowa, staying a short time in Council Bluffs, and in 1852 arrived in this city, since which he has been assiduously engaged imparting the knowledge he possessed to all who have placed themselves under his tuition.

The band, organized by the Captain, and subsequently called "Ballo's Band," out of respect to his talents, put their means together and have erected a hall, which not only bears the name of their favorite leader, but is a lasting memorial of the friendship and esteem of his devoted friends.

We were pleased to attend (if "pleased" is a proper word) the funeral of Captain Ballo. Pleased, for that he was not a great and aspiring man, but an unassuming and honest citizen, admired and respected for his talents and his virtuous course of life.

Here we make no parade over the inauguration or decease of dignitaries. They spread their bunting in their lifetime. When our friends are gone and lay lowly in the cold cold ground, we love to tell of their good qualities.

Capt. Ballo was a man; his superior in his profession has not yet been found. His integrity has been unsurpassed. And it is indeed a compliment to our citizens that the escort to his cold home, was among the most numerous we have seen in Utah, although he was a poor, hard-working man. The President was there, and spoke most feelingly. Presidents Kimball and Wells were there and among those who lamented most the loss of so valuable a member of society.

On last Sabbath, he attended Divine service on the Temple Block, in this city, and in the choir, as usual, he played his favorite instrument, the Clarionet. He returned home feeling quite unwell as he had done for some months past, having been afflicted with a violent cough, evidently caused by a deep-seated disease of the lungs.

In the evening, he and his wife took a walk in the garden. Mrs. Ballo stepped into the house, was absent but a minute, and on her return she was horror-stricken to find him a corpse. His remains were interred on Monday afternoon, at the Cemetery, north-east of this city.

Capt. Ballo was an honest, peaceable man, a good citizen, and a true friend.

On Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, our friend Mr. William Eddington was bereft of his wife, Sarah Jane Fry. She was born at Portsmouth, Hants., England, on the 16th of December, 1838, was baptized into the Church of Latter-Day Saints, in Nov. 1849, and came to this country in the fall of 1859, shortly after which she was married to Mr. Eddington.

In her recent confinement, all human skill that could be brought into service in her behalf was used, but it was found to be impossible to save her life; it not being possible to remove the Placenta which had grown fast to her body.

She was an amiable lady, a devoted wife and a true Christian.

[*Millennial Star*, please copy.]

Although fully satisfied that all that could be done was done for Mrs. Eddington, we cannot let the subject pass from our mind, without saying that we regret that we are so often called upon to record the deaths of ladies in child-birth. When we have heard of such cases being of so frequent occurrence, we have asked, cannot something more be done towards lengthening out the lives of mothers? It is certainly a very grievous thing to hear of the sudden demise of so many of the mothers of the next generation.

We have not so much to fear from malpractice in Utah, as the people have in many other parts of the world; still, there are persons and families here that have suffered much from encouraging the unbelieving pretensions of ignorant Quacks, who act under the impulse of the moment, and who know nothing of the physiology or anatomy of the human body, and who have never even studied the pathology of disease or become in the least acquainted with the simple, but potent remedial agents of nature.

Persons who experiment with Quack medicines at the expense of human life, in the shape of "star gazing" doctors, ought to be indicted and punished for manslaughter. Then the men of study, of science, and of skill would receive the honor that is due to their profession, and the just enconiums of their patients and friends.

We are pleased to mention, in this connection, the unremitting attention of Mrs. Hardie, at the accouchement of Mrs. Eddington. Of her accomplishments we need not speak; she is too well known as an attentive nurse and a skillful midwife; and, we are fully persuaded, that if the services of such intelligent, practical ladies were more generally secured, we should hear of fewer such bereavements. Neither have we any hesitancy in saying that if such scientific surgeons as Drs. Bernhisel and Anderson, and such careful, prudent gentlemen as Dr. Sprague were employed, to the exclusion of *horse doctors* and quacks in general, we should hear of less crooked limbs, and of limbs having to be broken and reset, (which has made cripples of many for the remainder of their lives); and we should hear of fewer persons being *poisoned*, dying through neglect, or by taking quack medicines.

THE DEATH OF DOUGLAS.

By the last pony we received the news of the death of the *Little Giant*. It might be considered an impropriety to say that it was well for the future of our New World that his time had come. With Mr. Douglas we were not personally acquainted. We only know of him those parts of his character which appear in his speeches and Harper's essays.

No doubt is entertained that Douglas was a great man—that is, a great little man. He was energetic enough to rise from the honorable calling of the honest mechanic to the degraded diguity of a grovelling-wire-working politician. He was for a long time successful. He became, in time, a Senator—a Senator in that Congress where revolvers and double-edged butcher knives were the overawing arguments. He was here to-day and away to-morrow. He could easily and, with what he considered good grace, insult a fellow-senator, and as graciously dodge the consequences.

But, spare his manes! He is gone! Gone to a land he knew not of in his lifetime! Gone to a country where neither Baltimore, Cincinnati, nor Charleston have a platform.

We are not particularly fond of dealing upon the troubles of our friends. It may not, however, be uninteresting to our readers to remind them that there lived not long ago a man named Joseph Smith, who quietly informed Mr. Douglas that he would aspire to be President of the United States, and, that if he uttered *one word* against *our religion*, he would fall!

That prophecy has not failed of its fulfilment. We are not too religiously inclined, yet we have our notions, let them be Irish, English, Scotch, Welch, or American. Our notions are, first, that Joseph told the true history of the present war many years ago; second, that they are being fulfilled to the letter.

Mark the sequel! Douglas, the aspirant to the Presidency, is dead! The South has seceded, with Charleston in the lead. Douglas, who was designated as the butcher-doctor to "*Cut out the loathsome ulcer*," is gone. He has proved himself the loathsome ulcer of his party, and is cut off by an unseen hand.

Who will say that he has not done more to foster the present strife in the United States than any man who now survives him.

Alas! for politicians. In this land they are a sheer nuisance. They are like policemen, whom we often see in modern cities, promenading up and down our main highways, hands in pockets, and eyes askance, watching for iniquity, but careful to be out of the reach of a bullet.

HONESTY NOT ENTIRELY FLED YET.

There has been so much chicanery, wire-working, ballot-box stuffing and trickery in general in this once great nation, that many begin to think it impossible to get their just dues from official quarters. Perhaps no nation, republican, monarchial or despotic, ever was pestered with more loafers and office seekers about its capitol than this, our dear, adopted country.

Greece, in the days of her greatness and strength, when the word of the bloodthirsty Alexander was law "from the rivers to the ends of the earth," was entirely in the shade, in the science of wire-working, which has come to such perfection in the present century. She knew nothing of mule, provision and forage speculations; her officers dared not pilfer from the treasury.

Rome with all her political contentions and internal broils, could not produce an officer who would aspire to the dignity of perpetrating government papers for sinister motives. Even the incessant aspirant, Julius Cæsar and his cotemporary, the avaricious Pompil, both of whom receive great credit for their cunning, their deceit and their treachery, yet they never learned to plunder the coffers of post offices equal to certain worthies of our own land.

The following shows that at the general post office, at least, aplain, straightforward account, is rendered of both letters and monies received.

STRAY MONEY LETTERS.

Statement of dead letters, containing money, received at the dead letter office during the past year:

Quarter ending March	Letters	Containing
31, 1860	2,403	$13,120 87
Quarter end'g June 30, 1860,	2,860	16,177 41
Do. do. Sept. 30, 1860,	2,192	10,975 88
Do. do. Dec. 31, 1860,	2,345	11,880 70
Total for the year 1860	9,790	$52,154 86
Average am't of money to each letter		$5,22

Personal.—We were pleased to receive a visit from our familiar and much-esteemed friend, Colonel P. St. George Cooke, of the U. S. Army. The more were we pleased on account of the presence of Gen. Jefferson Hunt, Hon. Eben'r Hanks, and numerous other friends.

The Colonel was, as always, a most welcome guest. He has ever not only been a brave man, but, what we do not always meet, a gentleman. He commanded a battalion which served during the war in Mexico, and suffered more privations than any other corps in the army. Yet he retired with the warmest and best feelings of the battalion, and every mouth breathed—God bless you, Col. Cooke.

Eastern News.

Nightingales.—One thousand ladies of Massachusetts have enrolled, ready to go to the seat of war as nurses.

Military Enthusiasm.—The N. Y. *Times* announces that one editor, two reporters, and seven compositors from its establishment have gone off as volunteers; also that three others from the literary department have joined the army.

Cute.—A Kentucky correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* says that 50,000 percussion Minie rifle caps passed over the Kentucky Central road the other day, for the rebel army, marked "Garden Seeds."

Christian Prayer.—The Nashville correspondent of the Louisville *Courier* says that the Rev. Mr. Sehon preached a strong disunion sermon in that city recently, the Kentucky volunteers being present, and that the Rev. Mr. Pitts followed with a prayer to God that "He would smite the North with His direst curses, explode their forts, and sweep their fleets from the face of the ocean."

The Nature of the Contest.—It might be supposed from the language used by the rebels in regard to the present contest, that it was one in which they were battling for their very existence. Mr. Davis says that they will resist to the "direst extremity;" and the constant assertions of the Southern journals are to the same effect. The Augusta *Chronicle* lately said: "We have our independence to gain, and that is everything—it is all in all." It adds: "We fight because we must fight or submit, and submission to the rule of a despotic enemy levying war on us is not in our vocabulary."

Mars Becomes Impatient.—As a specimen of the sympathy felt for the North the N. Y. *World* publishes the following:

CANADIAN WAR FEELING.

ANOTHER BRITISH OFFICER ARRIVED FROM CANADA TO SERVE THE UNITED STATES.

Captain Kirk has arrived in this city, and intends taking part in the present struggle, if his services are required and accepted. The Quebec *Morning Chronicle* of Monday has the following:—

"OFF TO THE WARS."

Captain William A. Kirk, formerly Paymaster of the Sixteenth regiment, left this city a few days ago for the purpose of joining the United States Army, in which we understand he has secured a commission.

The *Globe* says some of the young men of Galt (Canada) have gone to fight Jefferson Davis and his friends.

Parson Brownlow and the South.—Parson Brownlow says Jeff. Davis is a vile traitor, a trained rebel and an inflated bigot, who as richly deserves to be hung as ever old John Brown did. A recent number of Brownlow's paper contains the following notice which is sufficiently explicit for all practical purposes:

"Gen. Pillow, who is a clever gentleman in the private relations of life, and a very companionable man, sent us a message recently, which is explained in the following reply:

"Gen. Gideon Pillow.—I have just received your message through Mr. Sale, requesting me to serve as Chaplain to your Brigade in the Southern army; and in the spirit of kindness in which this request is made, but in all candor, I return for answer, that when I shall have made up my mind to go to Hell, I will cut my throat and go direct, and not travel round by the Southern Confederacy.

"I am very respectfully, &c.,
"W. G. Brownlow."

From the South.—We met with Mr. Chadock yesterday morning, a respectable and intelligent dry goods merchant of Utica, Mo., who had just returned from Mississippi. Mr. C. informed us that many of the planters in the South had plowed up their cotton fields since the inauguration of the present troubles, and planted them in corn, and that it was his impression that even the extreme Southern States would raise corn enough to do them and a surplus. Our informant stated that wheat looked fine in all of the Southern States through which he passed. Even in the Southern part of Alabama, this staple was abundant, of a luxuriant growth and nearly ready for harvest. Mr. Chadock left Memphis the latter part of last week. All was quiet there at that time, and business brisk, considering the times. Gen. Pillow was then quartered there, but he heard nothing of an attack likely to be made on Cairo, and does not think that the Southern people contemplate fighting off their own soil.—*Hannibal Messenger*, 15th ult.

For Salt Lake.—The Nebraska *Republican* of the 15th ult. says: The Emilie reached our place on Monday last. Among her passengers were about one hundred Mormons, bound for Salt Lake. They were taken up to Florence by the Omaha, which went no farther up the river, but returned to St. Joseph.

Rather Ferocious.—Over five hundred of the Confederate troops left Richmond on the 11th ult., on the Central Railroad, for secret service. The Richmond *Dispatch* says they all looked "capable of chewing up the Northerners in the proportion of five to one."

Negro Insurrection in Owen County, Ky.—The information relative to this insurrection, brought by the Pony recently, is thus accounted for in a letter from Rising Sun, Ind., bearing date May 11th, and published in the *World*. "The reported negro insurrection in Owen and Gallatin counties, Ky., originated as follows: One lady met two negroes armed, when she went and told her minister that the negroes were arming. He at once spread the alarm. There was considerable excitement in Boone county, opposite this place last night. The military were under arms waiting for the signal gun to render assistance."

THE DEFENSES OF CAIRO.

As Cairo, Ill., is repeatedly mentioned in our dispatches, and, therefore, considered an important military position in the West, we subjoin the following sketch of its topography and defences, taken from the *Weekly Wisconsin*:—

Cairo is a town of 1,500 inhabitants. It naturally commands two of the noblest of rivers, with all their large branches, and an immense trade. It is situated on the extreme southern point of Illinois, which, in dry weather and low water, is dry enough for a town, but at high water, as in the present case, the surface of the river is eight or ten feet above the level of the town, which is protected by levees running several miles along the bank of each river. This levee is some fifty feet below low-water mark, and this is a ready-made breastwork, perfectly defensible from a direct fire from the river. Nothing can be injured except from shell. North of Cairo for several miles, reaching from river to river, is an interminable swamp, passible only by the Illinois Central Railroad. And this road is well guarded.

Cairo is an isolated dry spot, and at all of the available landing places Major J. D. Webster has planted batteries, well entrenched and supported, so that the channels of both rivers and their confluence are commanded, and the batteries are so connected that they can rally instantly to each other's support.

Those who open the map of America will be convinced that Cairo is the most important strategical point in the whole West. Its possession actually commands 15,000 miles of navigable waters. Not a boat from the Ohio, the Missouri or the upper Mississippi can pass that point without the consent of the army of occupation. Its possession will do more to secure the loyalty of Missouri and Kentucky, than the raising of an army of 30,000 men. Even St. Louis in the hands of the Confederate States would be of little service to them, without the possession of Cairo. The Missouri and Kentucky secessionists have been quite moderate since the occupation of Cairo. The loyal States now hold it with 4,000 troops, and we do not think it can be taken by even a Southern *coup de main*. Col. Prentiss, the commander, served in the Mexican War, and is perfectly willing that the Memphis secessionists, under Gen. Pillow, should make an attack.

The only thing needed to render Cairo impregnable is the mounting of some heavy guns which would command the Missouri and Kentucky shore. We suspect that these will be forthcoming from the Pittsburgh arsenal, where heavy guns are stored. Notwithstanding all the Southern brag, there are few heavy guns to be had at the South. Their forts on the sea-board need every one they have stolen from the U. S. arsenals. As to their bringing heavy guns up the Mississippi before the 1st of June—it is hardly possible, and before that time, Cairo will have some Long Toms which will sweep a range of two and three miles.

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.

In these times of intense excitement who would have suspected that any one would be calculating, who would be Mr. Lincoln's successor? And yet, if "Occasional," the correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* is to be believed, such is the case. He writes to that paper.

A new light has beamed upon our people. We have discovered that our public opinion is not weakened, but rather strengthened, by an admixture of the martial spirit; and we are now realizing that, if this government of ours is to succeed, it will only be when the edicts of the people, thirly expressed, are backed up by the strong arm of the government, aided by a powerful army and navy. It is true the mere politicians may not like to see their trade of seeking and securing office superseded by our gallant soldiers and seamen; but may not the people, in the long run, be aided? There may be many candidates for the presidency among those who are assisting the government in its present peril. I have heard the name of the young governor of Rhode Island, Mr. Sprague, suggested; and more than one observer of his disinterested and patriotic action has remarked that all that he has done has been dictated with a single eye to the highest position in the gift of the people. Major Anderson, the silent and unostentatious soldier, is another of those who have been named in the same connection, and doubtless there are many unfledged candidates among the thousands now ready to defend the flag of the country. For my own part, I am glad that the tempting prize of the presidency is held out to all who are ambitious of distinction in this great struggle. It will serve them to renewed exertions and to renewed sacrifices, and if we can emerge, front it with an established government, able to protect, and progressive itself, in matters not to me whether Captain Gustavus Smith or General John Bryan fills the place now occupied by Mr. Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln of Springfield, Illinois.

HARPER'S FERRY.

Some gentlemen from this city having a desire to observe the state of affairs at Harper's Ferry, left here at an early hour this morning for that place, and have just returned. They report everything quiet, but the troops in a perfect state of discipline, and prepared for service at a moments notice. The bridge is well guarded at both ends, and an additional guard placed at short distances for half a mile on the Maryland side. The heights on this side are extensively fortified by Col. Blanton Duncan's Kentuckians, who will be reinforced to-morrow by an addition of five hundred men. At the Point of Rocks, some eight or ten miles further down, on this side, several Virginia companies of artillery and infantry, and the Frederick volunteers under Capt. Bradley T. Johnson, are strongly entrenched, with breastworks thrown up, and batteries planted.

There are now at least six thousand troops at the Ferry, and large reinforcements are constantly arriving. Only one or two of the work-shops were destroyed by the fire, and the rest are used as barracks for the troops, and serve admirably for that purpose. Colonel Jackson is chief in command here. The personnel of these troops reflects credit upon Old Virginia. By far the larger portion of the men are young, able-bodied, and splendid looking, who would be formidable antagonists for any enemy to encounter. They are all well fed and well clothed, and are governed by as strict military tactics as prevail in the regular army.

They are taking every advantage of the natural condition of the place, and it may be safely said that in a few days Harper's Ferry will be a second Gibraltar. Large bodies of men are distributed, for miles around, in every direction that an enemy could be expected to advance.—*Baltimore Republican*. May 13th.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS BY PONY.

The Pony Express which arrived on Saturday, brought the following news from the seat of war:

WASHINGTON.

A Washington dispatch of May 30th says:

Gen. Butler was reinforced yesterday by two thousand troops.

The *Times'* Washington dispatch states that there are eight thousand troops at Point of Rocks. The troops there are much demoralized, but will make a desperate fight. There were indications of an intention to evacuate the post, but there was no positive information. They expect an attack from the west and keep a sharp look-out every night. The men are sleeping on their arms.

Among the effects seized at Alexandria are letters of great importance, which were found in the *Sentinel* office, showing the means by which the secession of Virginia was brought about; some distinguished politicians are implicated, and the letters show beyond doubt that the ordinance of secession was only passed by fraud.

A Washington dispatch of the 31st says: The following dispatch was received at the Navy Yard, between four and five this p.m.

"The Key Stone State reported that on passing Aquia creek, the Freeborn and Anacosta were engaging the battery there with success. Shall I send the Pocahontas with her ten inch gun to assist?

(Signed) Capt. Dahlgren.
Commander at the Navy Yard."

Immediately upon the receipt of the dispatch, the Navy Department ordered two men-of-war forward to support Capt. Ward.

A Washington dispatch of June 1st states that the movements of Gen. Butler were considered as an intimation on his part not to trouble Sewall's Point or Norfolk at present, but to strengthen his position on the other side of James river, and in time to move forward to Richmond.

The two large Columbiads lately shipped from Pittsburgh to Fort McHenry were spiked in the streets of Baltimore, and it was not discovered until they were mounted in the Fort.

There has been great dissatisfaction in the Massachusetts camp, at the Relay House, arising from the unmilitary conduct of Brigadier Gen. Jones. He was burned in effigy last night at their camp.

Brigadier Gen. Pierce will supersede General Jones, and the latter will go to Fort Monroe.

The *Star* says, nine rebels were killed at Sewall's Point in the recent conflict, also that the rebels had stopped work on the entrenchment at Manassas.

The *Post's* special Washington dispatch says preparations are evidently making for a forward movement of the Government troops. They are all under orders and are ready to march at a moment's notice. The probable object is a sudden concentration upon the rebel forces in Virginia.

ST. LOUIS.

A St. Louis dispatch of May 31st says: General Harney stated that by orders from Washington, dated May 10, but only received yesterday, he had been removed from his command in this quarter, and had no longer any power over the military of the district.

It is understood that General Lyon succeeds General Harney.

The steamer Black Hawk, from the upper Mississippi, landed at Hannibal, on Wednesday (May 29), with six hundred Mormons, on their way to Salt Lake City. They are mostly from England. Other delegations are on the way, and in a few weeks more, it is thought there will be two thousand five hundred Saints on the route to swell the population of the City of Salt Lake.

A dispatch of the 1st inst. says that Dr. George K. Sanderson, who was stabbed on the night of May 10th, by Hon. A. Buckner, died last evening, from the effects of the wound, at his residence on Olive Street.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

The Augusta, Georgia *Chronicle*, of the 30th ult., says that Beauregard issued orders at Charleston, yesterday, relinquishing the command of the forces around Charleston to Colonel R. H. Anderson, relieving D. R. Jones, who accompanies Beauregard to Corinth, Mississippi.

Mobile papers say that an agent of the French Government is there collecting facts for Napoleon.

The *Herald's* Baltimore dispatch, of May 30, says there are twenty thousand troops at Harper's Ferry and plenty of heavy artillery at every assailable point.

It is said that, with the three thousand troops near Fairfax, there were 10,000 negroes in the capacity of servants and laborers; provisions are scarce and the privation falls first on the slaves.

The Memphis *Bulletin* announces the arrival of Beauregard on the 29th to take command of the Western division of the Confederate army.

President Jeff. Davies has arrived at Richmond.

The N. Y. *Post's* dispatch of June 1st says the Government forces had a conflict with the rebels at Aquia Creek. The steamers Freeborn, Anacosta, Resolute and a schooner, opened fire, finally silencing the wharf battery, killing several rebels; none of our troops were injured.

The Pawnee and Yankee were sent there this morning. This dispatch also states that there was a skirmish, last night at Falls Church, six miles back of Arlington Heights. Our pickets were attacked and one soldier wounded. Later dispatches state that a force of cavalry and forty-five infantry under Lieutenants Tompkins and Gordon attacked the rebels at Fairfax court house. The rebels' pickets were met four miles this side, who fled and alarmed the camp. The Cavalry then charged on the town, encountering vigorous resistance, people firing on them from the houses. Tompkins' horse was shot under him and his cavalry surrounded by rebel infantry, who poured in a continuous fire, but they fought their way through them, taking a number of prisoners. One of the Cavalry was killed and two wounded. Some staff officers of the 5th New York regiment were wounded, being with the Federal troops. Lieut Tompkins reports thirty rebels killed and that their force amounted to fifteen hundred. They had previously supposed there were but two hundred there. To-night, our troops will advance on Fairfax court house, and take it.

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC BY PONY.

[From *News* Extra of June 12.]

The Pony Express with eastern dates to the 5th, arrived here shortly before noon to-day.

Hagerstown, June 1st.

The secessionists, this morning, attempted to take the ferry-boat opposite Williamsport, probably to cross to Maryland, on a foraging expedition. A party of the Unionists ordered the Secessionists to desist; but, not complying, they were fired upon. A brisk fire then occurred on both sides, lasting about an hour; several of the rebels were wounded; none of the Union men were hurt. The rebels then retreated.

Chambersburg, June 1st.

A slight skirmish occurred to-day between a company of home guards and some Virginia troops. Three of the Virginians were wounded.

A terrible fracas occurred in the negro quarter here. Frank Jones, a negro barber, shot and wounded two soldiers, and was instantly killed by the soldiers.

General Patterson is expected to-morrow. Additional regiments are expected on Monday.

Fort Monroe, June 1st.

No military movements have yet been made. Heavy cannon are being transported to the Rip-Raps.

It is said that four thousand secessionists are at Yorktown. There are none between there and Fort Monroe. A stand will evidently be made at Yorktown. Slaves from several counties have been set to work on the entrenchments. Col. Magruder commands.

A gentleman from between Newport Mews and Yorktown has arrived here for protection, and says that numerous families had fled, leaving all their slaves, unfit for work, behind.

Three hundred free negroes had been forced across James' River, and set to work on the rebels' entrenchments.

Distinguished Secessionists confessed that the Unionists were right, and that the Secessionists were all deluded.

New York, June 2d.

The *Herald* says, W. H. Washington, son of the late Col. Washington, was captured in the Fairfax skirmish.

Lieut. Tompkins' official account of the Fairfax affair does not differ materially from the first report. He says three of his men are missing, three slightly wounded, and six horses lost. He thinks he killed and wounded thirty-five rebels. He brought away five prisoners.

The *Tribune's* Washington dispatch says Mr. Etheridge, of Tennessee, has arrived. He says Eastern Tennessee will show a large majority for Union, and that civil war is unavoidable, if the rest of the State goes for secession. Soldiers distributed throughout the State overawe the voters.

M. O. Field has gone to Cairo, authorized to construct five floating-batteries of the capacity of five thousand men, intended for separate action below.

It is reported that Col. Sherman, of Ohio, will be appointed Quarter-Master General.

Five more regiments have been tendered from Western Pennsylvania.

Washington, June 2d.

The official account of the engagement at Aquia Creek, agrees with other accounts. The enemy's batteries in range were silenced.

The following facts, relative to the contest at Aquia Creek, have been obtained: The engagement began on Friday, and lasted two hours. On Saturday it was renewed for four hours.

The lower Seaton battery, which was destroyed on Friday, was rebuilt.

The force of the Confederates is supposed to be not less than two thousand.

On Saturday the Freeborn approached to within two miles and engaged the fire. The Freeborn had a narrow escape. For the first time the rebels used rifled guns from the batteries. During the contest the Pawnee fired one hundred and sixty shells.

An observer saw through a telescope a number of bodies carried away in wagons. Some of the officers say the Confederates had rifled cannon.

Both vessels were damaged, but only slightly. One shot went through the Freeborn's cabin, and eight through the Pawnee. The Pawnee and Freeborn then hauled off, being unprepared for a long engagement.

The Anacosta returned here this morning.

The railroad depot and buildings ashore were destroyed.

The rebels, it is believed, had eight guns.

Accounts from England state that Mr. Adams had been presented to the Queen by Lord Palmerston. Important State dispatches are received from him to the 17th.

The attitude of the British Government was not decisively ascertained.

Nothing new has been received from other governments.

Word has been received that two of the missing dragoons in the Fairfax skirmish, have been recaptured, and brought back by their company, who heard that they would be hung, which caused the whole company to rescue them.

An incendiary fire at Alexandria was extinguished by soldiers.

Baltimore, June 2d.

The regular cavalry and a battery of artillery proceeded towards Fairfax last night.

Chambersburg, June 2d.

There will be no movement southward before Wednesday.

It is certain that a portion of the force here will soon occupy Frederick.

Cairo, June 2d.

There is nothing authentic known in relation to movements down the river from this point, but it is certain that the force at this place is to be considerably increased. Two additional regiments are ordered here.

In addition to the regiments organized in this Congressional district, another company of Illinois artillery, now at Springfield, is under marching orders, and will move in a day or two.

The Government has chartered a big wharf-steamer, that lies here, which is capable of carrying several thousand troops and stores.

It is understood also that the Government has chartered twenty-five steamers at St. Louis.

St. John's, June 2d.

The steamer Prince Albert, from Galway, 21st May, has arrived with two days later dates. Political news unimportant.

The Queen of Spain had signed the decree for the annexation of San Domingo.

It is announced that the French troops will leave Syria.

The Emperor of Austria has arrived at Trieste.

At Calcutta there was much activity in the cotton interest; common cotton was advancing. The import market was dull, and freights less firm.

Cassius M. Clay writes to the London *Times* on the American struggle. He briefly but decisively says the rebel States can be subdued. It is not proposed to subjugate them, but simply to put down the rebellion. England's interest is to stand by the Union. He inquires if England can afford to offend the United States, and concludes by saying England is the natural ally of the United States.

Washington, June 3d.

Capt. Ward's official report of the affair at Aquia creek, saying the firing commenced on Saturday forenoon and terminated in consequence of the fatigue of the men and the excessive heat. He fired incessantly for five hours.

Capt. Marr, killed at Fairfax, was a member of the Virginia State convention, and a member elect of the legislature from Farquier county.

It is understood that Col. Anderson will be promoted to a Brigadier Generalship.

Thomas H. Nelson, of Indiana, has been appointed minister to Chili.

A distinguished surveyor has gone on a steamer to Aquia creek, to make an accurate survey, preparatory to further operations against that point.

Gen. McDowell's official account of the Fairfax affair is confirmed.

There are now fifteen war vessels in the Gulf of Mexico, twelve on the Atlantic coast and ten in the Chesapeake and Potomac.

The Government has received dispatches from Capt. Ritchie, of the Saranac, in the bay of Panama. He has been notified of the supposed presence of letters of marque, and is on the look-out for them.

New York, June 3d.

The *Times'* dispatch says that Fairfax Court-House is occupied by three regiments of Federal troops. Two additional regiments will be stationed there in a day or two.

A London letter says that Col. Fremont will probably take with him ten thousand rifles and a part of artillery, say forty 12-pound rifled guns.

The *Post's* Washington special correspondent says that Gen. Banks will be ordered to a command at Baltimore or Fort Monroe, and if so, Gen. Butler will superintend offensive operations against Norfolk and Richmond under command of Gen. Banks.

The special dispatch to the *Commercial* says it is discovered that the rebels have frequently communication with this city via the Relay House and Harper's Ferry. This spying business will be summarily stopped.

The *Post's* Washington letter says it is considered certain that Congress will authorize a loan of $150,000,000, at six or ten per cent will be offered and none issued from $50 to $1,000 in value.

A special to the *Post* says it is announced that Jeff. Davis has issued a proclamation directing the Federal troops to withdraw from the Virginia soil.

Private advices say that Banks is ordered, should the necessity in his opinion arise, to attack the batteries.

The next attack on the Aquia creek batteries will be made by the land forces,

A special dispatch to the *Express* says, by the end of the week, the Government expects to have twenty-five thousand men in Virginia, near Alexandria, twenty thousand at Grafton, twenty thousand near Harper's Ferry, fifteen thousand at Fort Monroe, and ten thousand around Baltimore, Annapolis and the Relay House.

A Richmond dispatch reports that a son of the law partner of the President of the London and Hampshire Railroad, was hung as a spy by the South Carolina volunteers.

It appears that the frigate Powhattan is blockading Mobile.

A special dispatch to the *Commercial* says that two thousand South Carolina troops are reported to be at Brent, a few miles below Fairfax.

The woods near Fort Washington, on the Potomac, have been cleared away, and redoubts erected by our troops.

A letter from Annapolis says that Col. Smith, of the New York 13th regiment, took seven hundred and fifty muskets from the Secessionists of Maryland, and intends capturing all arms held by them in his vicinity.

Three schooners, loaded with corn, were brought in as prizes, also six prisoners of war, captured by scouts.

It is positively asserted that at a cabinet meeting on Saturday it was decided to make a further requisition of seventy-five thousand men to serve during the war.

Townsend's Regiment and the Scott's Life Guards have left for Fortress Monroe.

BALTIMORE, June 3d.

Gov. Hicks this morning demanded and received the muskets of the Baltimore City Guards, one hundred and fifty-nine in number, and had them conveyed to Fort McHenry.

Several men, about to start for Harper's Ferry, were arrested this morning and taken to the Fort.

CINCINNATI, June 3d.

Two columns or troops from Gen. Mc Clelland's command—one in command of Col. Kelly of the 1st regiment of Virginia volunteers, and the other by Col. Crittenden of the Indiana volunteers—left Grafton early last night, and after marching the entire night for about twenty miles through a drenching rain, surprised a camp of rebels, two thousand strong at Phillippi, Virginia, routing them, killing one hundred and fifty and capturing a large amount of arms, horses, munitions, provisions and camp equippage. The surprise was complete, and, at our last advices the Federal troops were in hot pursuit of the rebels, and it is quite probable many prisoners will be taken. Col. Kelly was mortally wounded, and has since died. Several others of the Federal troops, were slightly wounded.

NEW ORLEANS, June 3d.

The steamer Miramon, from Havana, on the 28th, was permitted to enter the Mobile harbor to-day.

Business at Havana was very dull. Sugar languished.

United States vessels were at a discount in the freight market.

Spanish troops were beginning to return from St. Domingo.

CHICAGO, June 3d.

Stephen A. Douglas died at 9.10 this morning. Those in attendance at the time were Mrs. Douglas, Dr. Miller, Mrs. Cutts, and J. Madison Cutts, jr., of Washington, D. P. Rhodes, of Cleveland, and Dr. McVicker, Spencer C. Benham, and Dr. Hay, of Chicago.

ST. LOUIS, June 3d.

Brigadier General Lyon has assumed command of the Military Department of the West, in place of General Harney relieved.

Colonel F. P. Blair has been appointed commandant at the arsenal.

Captain George H. Derby, of the United States Corps of Topographical Engineers, familiarly known as John Phœnix in literature, will be buried to-day. His remains have been brought to this city from Boston.

In the United States District Court this morning, Brigadier-General Lyon, and Col. F. P. Blair made returns that they had not the body of Captain Emmet McDonald in their possession or under their control. The court adjourned to give other officers in this military district time to make returns.

ST. LOUIS, June 4th.

Major-General Price, commanding the State forces, has to-day issued a proclamation defining the trust committed to him by the Governor of Missouri. The proclamation is lengthy. He trusts that the rumor of the U. S. General purposing taking arms from the Secessionists and putting arms in the hands of the Unionists is unfounded, and says: The purpose of such a movement could not be misunderstood. It would not only be a palpable violation of the agreement referred to, and an equally plain violation of our constitutional rights, but a gross indignity to the citizens of this State which would be resisted to the last extremity. My wish and hope is that the people of the State of Missouri be permitted, in peace and security, to decide upon their future course, and, so far as my abilities can effect it, this object shall be accomplished. The people of Missouri cannot be forced under the terrors of a military invasion into a position not of their free choice. A million of such people as the citizens of Missouri were never yet subjugated. If attempted, let no apprehension be entertained of the result.

The 12th Illinois regiment of volunteers left their camp at Caseyville last evening, and proceeded to Cairo, on the steamer City of Louisiana.

Col. Cook's regiment, from Alton, also passed down the river to Cairo, in the night.

WASHINGTON, June 4th.

Sewall's Point battery serves to annoy and occupy the enemy.

There was a skirmish a night or two since at Falls Church, seven miles from this city, but as our soldiers were unmolested, and several Secessionists badly injured.

Marshal Bonnafont, attached to Beauregard's staff, was killed in the recent skirmish at Falls Church.

Major Allen, of the Quartermaster's department, has been appointed Chief Quartermaster of the Army of Virginia, with the rank of Colonel.

Lieut. Col. Lee, of the 1st Virginia regiment, has been appointed Brigadier General of the Virginia forces.

Lieut. Col. Thomas, of the 2d Virginia regiment, has been appointed Adjutant General of the Virginia forces.

Major Gilham, of the 1st Virginia regiment, has been appointed Quartermaster General of the Virginia forces.

Major Cabell, of the 1st Virginia regiment, has been appointed Commissary General of the Virginia forces.

Major Harman, of the 1st Virginia regiment, has been appointed Paymaster General of the Virginia forces.

Major Deas, of the 1st Virginia regiment, has been appointed Inspector General of the Virginia forces.

Major Cooper, of the 1st Virginia regiment, has been appointed Aid-de-Camp to Governor Letcher.

Major Preston, of the 1st Virginia regiment, has been appointed Aid-de-Camp to Governor Letcher.

Major Pryor, of the 1st Virginia regiment, has been appointed Aid-de-Camp to Governor Letcher.

Major Lee, of the 1st Virginia regiment, has been appointed Aid-de-Camp to Governor Letcher.

Major Mason, of the 1st Virginia regiment, has been appointed Aid-de-Camp to Governor Letcher.

Major Smith, of the 1st Virginia regiment, has been appointed Aid-de-Camp to Governor Letcher.

Major Taylor, of the 1st Virginia regiment, has been appointed Aid-de-Camp to Governor Letcher.

Major Wise, of the 1st Virginia regiment, has been appointed Aid-de-Camp to Governor Letcher.

Major Wood, of the 1st Virginia regiment, has been appointed Aid-de-Camp to Governor Letcher.

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Major Zane, of the 1st Virginia regiment, has been appointed Aid-de-Camp to Governor Letcher.

Major Zantzinger, of the 1st Virginia regiment, has been appointed Aid-de-Camp to Governor Letcher.

Major Zeigler, of the 1st Virginia regiment, has been appointed Aid-de-Camp to Governor Letcher.

Major Zimmerman, of the 1st Virginia regiment, has been appointed Aid-de-Camp to Governor Letcher.

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Original Poetry.

STANZAS.

BY W. G. HILLS.

[Written on the birth of MILLS. SIUR MATILDA HALL.]

Welcome! welcome! little stranger
Weak and helpless as thou art;
Here are friends to shield from danger,
And to fold thee to the heart.

Not in chambers richly garnished,
Not on downy bed of worth,
But in wagon rudely furnished
Thy dear mother gave thee birth.

On her way to Zion traveling,
By thy honored parent's side—
Lo! the prophet's word unravelling,
Mothers should bring forth with pride.

Prophets through the womb of ages
Saw thy happy spirit come,
And foretold on sacred pages
Of thee, sweet Millennium.

Tender flow'ret of the prairie,
Blooming rare mid scenery wild,
Hope and joy of her who bare thee,
Desert born and mountain child.

Thy Redeemer in a manger
First by mortal hands was pressed,
In a wagon, little stranger,
Thou wert first by us caressed.

Lowly seemed His birth and mission,
But a God He soon appeared,
Lowly, too, is thy condition,
And like Him may'st thou be reared.

May His Spirit still support thee,
His blessed life to imitate;
And no evil power hurt thee
In this humble second state.

May thy growth in form and feature
Be with strength and grace combined;
With the softness of thy nature
Show the intellectual mind.

Every gift may'st thou inherit
That can be a woman's lot;
Every joy and blessing merit
That can fill a poet's thought.

Long may mercy o'er thee bending
Beck the shafts of death away;
Till from yonder heavens descending
Christ His glory shall display.

God will bless thee, pretty stranger;
I will bless thee by his power;
Angels will ward off all danger
In the dark and trying hour.

Welcome sun-haired, blue-eyed maiden,
Father's first born pledge of love,
With the bloom of promise laden
Sealed by holy hands above.

Gleanings.

HOTEL REMINISCENCE.—A gentleman dining at a hotel, where servants were few and far between, dispatched a lad among them for a cut of beef. After a long time the lad returned, and, placing it before the hungry gentleman, was asked, "Are you the lad who took my plate for this beef?" "Yes, sir." "Bless me," resumed the hungry wit, "how you have grown."

ROYAL BARBER.—Joseph the Second, of Austria, was fond of traveling *incognito*. One day he reached a little inn, on his route, before his retinue came up. Entering a retiring room, he began shaving himself. The inquisitorial landlord was anxious to know what post his guest held about the person of the Emperor. "I shave him sometimes," said Joseph.

BE CLEAN.—Charles Dickens once said: "The first Napoleon caused more deaths than all the earthquakes since the days of Noah; the cupidity of shipowners and the supineness of sailors have lost more ships and lives than all the storms that ever blew; the filthy state of our towns send more souls to Hades than both put together. Plague, pestilence, war, and famine yield to dirt."

"BE TIDY, MY SON!"—"Now, my son," said a kind mother to her little boy, "be tidy; fold up your night-gown *again*; I must have it done *neatly*."

That little boy has grown up to be a man. A friend said to him one day: "How is it you can get through so much work as you do?"

"Method, method," was the reply; "I am now reaping the fruit of my mother's lesson, 'Be tidy!'"

EFFECTS OF A COMMON HABIT.—Parson Green was in the habit sometimes of drawing upon a box of sermons bequeathed to him by his father, who was also a minister, and upon one occasion got hold of a sermon by mistake, which the old gentleman had once preached to the State Prison convicts. It opened well, and the congregation were becoming deeply interested, when all at once the parson surprised them with the information, that "had it not been for the clemency of the governor, every one of them would have been hung a long time ago."

A REBUKE.—A Lancashire clergyman was roused from his sleep at six o'clock in the morning by loud talking at the side of a fish-pond in his grounds. His reverence put his night-capped head out of the window, and saw three men standing by the side of his pond. "What are you doing there?" said he. "Fishing," said they. "But you are trespassing on my land—you must go away." "Go to bed again," was the rejoinder; "your Master was not in the habit of sending away poor fishermen." The clergyman could, of course, only turn in again.

A CURE.—At a late revival meeting in East Mississippi, one of the brethren became anxious to pile the altar with mourners, and for that purpose left his seat and went among the congregation, personally exhorting his acquaintances to quit the error of their ways. Approaching toward an individual who drawlingly talked through his nose, he began with: "Don't you want to go up?" "Nay." "Why, what would you do if the Lord was to come for you?" "Well," the sinner drawled out, "I'd kill a chicken, hide some timothy and do the best I could. Don't reckon he'd get mad at that." He didn't go up.

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"WEEP WITH THEM THAT WEEP."—An Indian of the Kennebeck tribe, noted for his good conduct, received a grant of land from the State of Maine, and went into the new place to settle. A few white families were already there. Though not ill-treated, he was not trusted at all; the people were shy of him, and when his only child died, nobody came to see him. The poor red man felt the neglect sorely. He went to the white men and said:

"When white man's child die, Indian man be sorry; he help bury him. When my child die, no one speak to me. I made his grave alone. I can no live here longer."

He gave up his farm, dug up the body of his child, carried it two hundred miles through the forest, to join the Canada Indians."

"Weep with them that weep."

CURIOUS CALCULATION.—The vast number of inhabitants who do live, and have lived, upon the face of the earth, appear, at first sight, to defy the power of calculation. But, if we suppose the world to have existed six thousand years; that there now exist one thousand million; that a generation passes away in thirty years; that every past generation averages the present; and that four individuals may stand on one square yard, we find that the whole number will not occupy a compass so great as one-fourth the extent of England. Allowing six thousand years since the creation, and a generation to pass away in thirty years, we shall have two hundred generations, which, at one thousand millions each, will be two hundred thousand millions, which, being divided by four persons to a square yard, will leave fifty thousand millions of square yards; there are in a square mile three millions, ninety-seven thousand, six hundred square yards, by which, if the former sum be divided, it will give sixteen thousand, one hundred and thirty-three square miles, the root of which, in whole numbers, is about one hundred and twenty-seven; so that one hundred and twenty-seven square miles will be found sufficient to contain the immense and almost inconceivable number of two hundred thousand millions of human beings.

PRENTICIANA.—Notwithstanding the gloomy state of affairs in the east, Prentice, as will be seen by the following, continues to make fun of passing events:

The South asks that slavery be extended everywhere up to 36 degrees 30 minutes. The abolitionists insist that it shan't be extended another minute.

A dashing young preacher in Arkansas lately abducted two sisters named Payne. Such Paynes-taking isn't commendable.

In London there are 20,000 doctors and 1,800 undertakers. So we see that it takes, upon an average, only eleven doctors to keep an undertaker busy.

A Kentucky editor calls us "hide-bound." We are certainly bound in a hide; has he lost his?

The North and South alike seem trying to coerce us When one of them succeeds, we guess the other will.

We wouldn't kill a man or a republic for the sake of reconstructing him or it. We don't believe in destruction for the sake of reconstruction.

An eastern paper says that "little Bob Walker has tied himself to the Cotton Confederacy?" No doubt the Confederacy is a Bob-tailed concern.

All the talk of the Northern Abolitionists about slavery is gammon—and blackgammon at that.

There is a difference of opinion as to what place in the North is the vilest Abolition hole. We think it is Greeley's mouth.

If the North and South think lightly of each other's valor, they are as ignorant as savages of each other's history.

Both the Southern and Northern governments are of the feminine gender. They are Miss Governments.

The editor of the *Courier* says that the Journal "is, or should be, high administration authority." He should be ashamed of such scurrility.

The *Courier* says that the people of the South are our friends and brothers. We hope the people of the North are so too. But both have a bad way of showing it.

Cairo, in Illinois, Wheeling, Virginia, and some point on the northwestern line of Maryland, are to be fixed upon for the concentration of troops.

The New York *Tribune* says, "the argument between the North and South is exhausted." Well, let the North and South go to war, and we guess they will soon be like the "argument."

Varieties.

It is easier to praise poverty than to bear it.

'Tis little troubles that wear the heart out.

It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile, than a feather—even with artillery.

It is the opinion of a neighbor that wood goes further when left out of doors than when well housed: He says some of his went half a mile.

Astronomers tell us that some of the comets, while at the greatest distance from the sun, do not move as fast as a man can walk.

"I live in Julia's eyes," said an exquisite, in Coleman's hearing. "I believe it," said George, "for she had a *dye* in them when I saw her last."

It was wittily, but somewhat ungallantly said, that a woman is the very reverse of her mirror—the one reflects without talking, the other talks without reflecting.

The man who imagined himself who because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper, has gone off to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.

A giddy student having got his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that the brain was visible on which he remarked, "Do write to tell father, for he always said I had none."

Though some very romantic maidens may sometimes exclaim, "Give me a hut with the heart that I love," most of the sex vastly prefer a palace with the man they hate.

The Governor of Georgia, discussing the staple products of the South and West, says: "Cotton is king, indeed, to be sure, but corn is a necessity. A man can live without a throne, but who can do without whisky?"

Milton, when blind, married a third. The Duke of Marlborough called her a rose. "I am no judge of colors," replied Milton, "But I daresay you are right, for I feel the thorns daily."

A Tale.

THE LADY OF THE WRECK;

OR,

THE DIAMOND RING.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

[CONCLUDED.]

With the early spring-time, Ella became the mother of a lovely child, a boy with the dark eyes and hair of its young father, and now the gentle maniac returned much of the care that had been lavished on her through the winter, tending the babe as any mother could, and spending whole hours in sweet caressings of its lovely face. And once, after singing it to sleep with a quaint lullaby, she parted its soft silky locks, and after looking long upon it, said, in a tone unlike her usual sing-song one, "The child is so like its father that I shall name it Ralph—yes, thou art Ralph Melbourn, little one, and mayhap you will wear a coronet before you die."

It gave the listeners another fragment of her story, for on looking carefully again at the jewelled locket, which hung to a chain of pearls, they found a tiny spring, which enclosed the golden cross and revealed the pictured face of a noble-looking man in life's early prime, with hair and eyes black as the new-born baby's, while engraved beneath it in delicate characters were the words, "Ralph Melbourne to Elise Margrave."

"I will go to the city at once now, wife, and with my last dollar advertise in one of its great dailies, and, if he lives, restore to him his wife. The doctor says, a sudden joy may bring back her reason. What a pity she should be so," and he directed Ella's eyes to the little porch where she sat weaving violet wreaths and humming an old English ballad, which seemed a favorite of hers,—

"My bridegroom, he hath left me,
Gone far beyond the sea,—
I sit and wait his coming,
With my baby on my knee."

But the morrow found Mr. Lewis on a bed of sickness, and weary weeks passed by ere he was again in health, and then almost despairingly he looked into the future. The hard times of the past winter, with the illness of his wife in the spring-time, had quite used up their little fund, and now they were more than penniless, for debt stared them in the face. Turn which way he would, there was a cloud upon the sky, a cloud which had no "silvery lining."

He spent one whole day in his boat upon the sea, not fishing, but leaning wearily upon his oars and thinking deeply.

"Ella," he said, when the baby slept and the fair lunatic had gone to her chamber,—"Ella, I am going to take one of the lady's rings and go up to the city and try to sell it. It is a desperate necessity that drives me to it, but she, as well as us, will soon suffer for the necessaries of life if money does not come from somewhere. They do her no good now, lying locked up in your bureau drawer. I will take one—the diamond one, I guess—and sell it to some jeweller, and pay up my debts and get in a supply of food, and begin the world anew. So long as I had a dollar, I shared it with her. Surely it cannot be wrong, if now, when we are so destitute,—she shares with us."

And the next morning he left them and rowed his boat over the bay and up to the metropolis, which he had not visited more than a dozen times in his life.

He proceeded at once to his business, and entering a magnificent store, he walked quietly up to the proprietor, and taking the ring from his little finger, said to him,

"I wish to dispose of this. Will you purchase it?"

He did not notice the signals which the gentleman telegraphed at once to a clerk, but waited anxiously the answer.

"Do you know its value?"

"I do not exactly, but the diamond in it must be worth at least a hundred dollars."

"It is worth five hundred," said the jeweller.

Mr. Lewis was startled. He had not thought it so costly.

"May I ask why you wish to part with it?"

"Necessity compels me to sell it."

"It is your own, then?"

The question confused him, for it certainly was not his own, although he felt that under the circumstances he had a right to the money it would bring. While meditating on a suitable reply, for he did not wish to tell that strange man the whole story, a strong arm was laid upon his shoulders, and a coarse voice exclaimed, "I arrest you as my prisoner."

The red blood surged to the poor man's brow, and it was some minutes ere he was calm enough to ask of what crime he was accused.

"Of stealing that diamond ring," said the jeweller. "Put the handcuffs on him, Bob, he's a bold one or he would not have dared brought it here," and before he was hardly awakened to his situation, Mr. Lewis found himself before the bar of justice, arraigned as a thief.

A stranger in that great city, who could plead for him. He looked into the faces of the audience: there was no sympathy for him there. He looked up to the justice: it was a cold, stony face. He looked up to the lawyers: oh! there was a little hope there, for surely, unless that one noble countenance strangely belied itself, the owner had a heart.

They put the question to him, "Guilty, or Not Guilty?"

"Not guilty."

"Had he counsel?"

"No; but with the Court's permission, he would choose yonder gentleman," pointing to the gray-haired man whose face had given him courage.

The aged lawyer arose, and going to the prisoner spoke a few words to him. Then turning to the justice, he said, mildly, "Let the case call the diary."

There was much dispute in that courtroom ere it was decided, for the audience were interested in the case.

"It is all very well to talk of the presumption of innocence," said the prosecuting attorney, "but there is no such presumption when the accused is found in possession of the stolen property. What would you say?" asked the man's counsel was about to speak.

"Only this: that the prisoner, well guarded, be sent at once by express to the city where the robbery was committed, and if the ring be identified by the lady, that he be then and there committed. There is no proof that this diamond is her's. There is no reason to believe the man came dishonestly by it. Thieves do not offer their booty for sale in broad daylight, two days after the burglary. Send an officer with him, but send him at once. I will accompany him and see that he receives his deserts."

A young, obscure lawyer might have pleaded that case for hours with no success; but he who now spoke those few impressive words had a proud name in that great city, and they were not without their influence on the hard heart of the justice, and as soon as the usual formalities could be got along with, the prisoner and his counsel, with an officer beside them, were in the express train for a distant southern city.

They reached it early the next evening, and at once the lady, whose mansion had been robbed of plate and jewels the week before, was informed by note of the arrest of a man with a diamond ring supposed from its value to be her's, and an audience craved the next morning by the officer to identify the stolen property.

An answer was returned that she would receive him at nine o'clock. Punctually, a carriage drove to her door, and the three lawyers, prisoner and officer—were soon ushered into her parlor.

The lady, a dignified matron, did not rise to receive them, being yet feeble from the fright and excitement of her heavy losses, but motioned them to take seats.

The eyes of Mr. Lewis were rivetted not upon her, but upon a tall man, dressed in deep mourning, who sat at a little side-table, looking over a written paper which a young lad had just handed him. A glad light shone in his eyes, and the flush of hope crimsoned his pale cheeks.

"It is very much like mine," said the lady, examining carefully the costly ring, "but there is a shade of difference in the setting, and" (trying to draw it on her finger) "it is too small. Come and look at it, Herbert," (to the lad). "It is not mine?"

"No, mother, no; and see, here are letters on the inside," and he spelled them out, 'R. M. to E. M.' I wish it were yours, mother, for it would be a good many dollars brought back again. It's a splendid diamond, though," and he passed it to his tutor.

How nervously he clutched it, how wildly pressed it to his lips, his face meanwhile growing white as winter nights.

"Where did you get it? tell me, man!" and he seized the prisoner in a vice-like grasp.

"I took it from a lady's finger," said Mr. Lewis calmly, looking him in the face.

"Where is she? what have you done with her? Tell me—quick, or I shall go mad and tear you into pieces! O, my own! my beautiful"

"First, let me ask you some questions, sir. Be quiet and let me stand alone. I am as innocent of theft or wrong as you are. Did you ever see me before this hour?"

"Never! Why do you ask?"

"No, you never did; yet I can tell you your name and your wife's name too. Listen." He spoke very slowly. "You are called Ralph Melbourne, and you are the youngest son of Sir William Melbourne, an English gentleman, who was too poor to give you anything but an education. Your wife's name was Elise Margrave; she was the only child of the Earl of Margrave, and destined by her father to be the companion of a titled man greatly her senior, one whom she hated as deeply as she loved you. You married her secretly, and when the fact could no longer be concealed, and her father drove her forth with curses, you bore her to her foster-mother's cottage and left her to come over to this country and prepare a home for her——"

"Tell me, man, who told you this," and the tutor's face was convulsed with conflicting emotions.

"*She* told me——"

"Who?"

"Elise, your wife. With my own hands I saved her from a grave beneath the ocean and bore her to my home. With my own hands I buried the babe that lay dead upon her bosom. With my own hands I earned bread for her till I could no longer get work to do. My last dollar I shared with her, and it was to save her from suffering and to get means to advertise more thoroughly these facts that I strove to sell the ring. Yes, Mr. Melbourne, for her sake I stand here now with handcuffs on and branded as a thief!"

"Knock them off. O, my friend, my more than friend! savior of Elise! what can I do for thee?" and as if he were a long-lost brother, he clasped him to his heart.

Two hours later and the express train was carrying them north again, and the next afternoon saw them in the little fishing boat of Mr. Lewis, sailing over the blue bay towards Cliff Cottage.

Every hour had been spent by the two in earnest talk. Mr. Lewis had told of the November storm and shipwreck, the illness of Elise and her gentle lunacy, and given beside his own whole life-story; while Melbourne had supplied the lacking chapters in the history of the pale lady. He had come to America with letters that soon gave him a profitable situation as tutor in a Southern lady's family, and sent immediately for his wife, directing her to have her youngest foster-brother come with her, and bidding her name the vessel she would sail in. Weeks passed on, and there came no tidings of her. He wrote again, and after other tedious weeks received an almost illegible letter from the foster-mother, saying that Elise had sailed at such a time with her little baby-boy and John for an escort, but that the ship, its owners told her, had never reached its port. "Widowed and childless, I have, since that letter came, looked every day up to heaven and prayed daily that the Lord my Creature might call me home."

The little band was soon from the [illegible] boat. It had been a long, [illegible] days. Lightly the two drew the rock to meet him, and in the joy of the moment forgot that a stranger looked sadly on.

"Ella, who is this?" and her husband laid her hand in Melbourne's.

She looked into his face. "O, thank God! thank God! it is *her* husband—the very face in the locket. Don't stop to tell me how you came, but go to her. A sudden joy, the doctor says, may cure her."

She sat upon the porch in Ella's low rocking chair, with the baby in her arms, and made a lovely picture in the soft twilight, her dark hair wreathed with snowy rosebuds, and her white muslin robe falling in cloud-like drapery about her graceful figure.

She was singing the same quaint old ballad, and the notes were rich and sweet as those that drop from a bird's throat at sunset.

"My bridegroom, he hath left me,
Gone far beyond the sea,—
I sit and wait his coming,
With my baby on my knee."

As the refrain of her song echoed over the cliff, the stranger stepped softly up the gravelled path, and when he had reached the porch, leaned against its lattice-work, and, in deep, mellow bass, sang to the same notes:

"My little bride hath met me,
Come far beyond the sea,—
She sitteth in my door-way,
With my baby on her knee."

At the first line, Elise started from her seat, looking wildly about her; at the second, she dropped the little Ralph and sprang into the path; at the third, she stood with parted lips and outstretched hands; at the fourth, cried joyously, "It is he! it is he!"

"Who, darling?" and Melbourne wound his arms about her.

"My own—my husband," and she fainted on his bosom.

It was a swoon of hours, but when at midnight she came out of it, there was a new and beauteous light in her dark eyes, the light of reason.

There is no longer want or scantiness in that cottage on the cliff. Enlarged and beautified, it is still the happy home of William Lewis and his wife. The little black-eyed baby whom the maniac cared for so tenderly, is grown into a gallant boy of half a dozen years, while the willow cradle holds now a tiny daughter whom they call Elise.

The lovely English lady has gone back to her own turretted castle-home in the land beyond the sea, her old father forgiving her at last, and bequeathing all his vast possessions. Another baby-boy, named for its father, Ralph, smiles now upon her heart, and as she lulls it into slumber with the same words which she sang once to the child of her kind friends, she drops a tear to the memory of that little grave within their garden.

The diamond ring did not go back with her. It belongs now to little Ralph Lewis, and as often as they show it to him, and he watches the glory that flashes from the gem, he says, "The pale lady of the wreck gave it to me; tell me about her, mother."

DR. MILLER'S DUCK STORY.

THE late Dr. Miller, of Princeton, as all his students will remember, abounded in anecdotes, which he related to his classes from year to year, to illustrate the points made in his lectures. One of them occurs to us just now, as specially applicable to the new converts which have recently come into the churches within the bounds of our circulation. A celebrated judge in Virginia was, in his earlier years, skeptical as to the truth of the Bible, and especially as to the reality of experimental religion. He had a favorite servant, who accompanied him in his travels round his circuit. As they passed from court-house to court-house, they frequently conversed on the subject of religion, the servant, Harry, venturing at times to remonstrate with his master against his infidelity. As the judge had confidence in Harry's honesty and sincerity, he asked him a great many questions as to how he felt and what he thought on various points.

Among other things, Harry told his master that he was often very sorely tempted and tried by the devil. The judge asked Harry to explain to him how it happened that the devil attacked him (Harry), who was so pious a man, so sorely, while he allowed himself, who was an infidel and a sinner, to pass unnoticed and untempted.

Harry asked, "Are you right sure, master, that he does let you pass without troubling you?"

"Certainly, I am," replied the judge; "I have no dealings with him at all. I do not even so much as know that there is any such being in existence as the devil. If there is any such being, he never troubles me."

"Well," said Harry, "I know that there is a devil, and that he tries me sorely at times."

A day or two afterwards, when the judge had gotten through his docket, he concluded to go on a hunt for wild ducks on one of the streams which lay across his road homeward. Harry accompanied him. As they approached the river, they espied a flock of ducks quietly floating on its surface. The judge stealthily crept up the bank and fired upon them, killing two or three and wounding as many others. He at once threw down his gun and made strenuous efforts, with the aid of clubs and stones, to secure the wounded ducks, while he permitted the dead ones to float on, for the time, unnoticed by him. Harry, as he sat on the seat of the carriage, watched his master's movements with deep interest, and when he returned, said to him:

"Massa, while you was a splashin' in de water after dem wounded ducks, and lettin' de dead ones float on, it just come into my mind why it is dat de debil troubles me so much while he lets you alone. You are like de dead ducks; he's sure he's got you safe. I'm like de wounded ones, trying to get away from him, and he's afraid I'll do it, so he makes all de fuss after me and tries to get me back. Now, massa, you must just let me alone, and not throw any more stones at me, for you are sure to kill me if you do, and then de debil will get me sure, and you will be sorry for it when it is too late."

The judge was silent for a few moments, and then said, "Harry, you are right; I will let you alone hereafter, and not throw any more stones at you to be done after me."

Advertisements.

WANTED,

AT this Office, Hay, wood, wheat, flour, pigs, &c., on subscription.

CHARLES KING,
WAGON AND CARRIAGE MAKER,
CARPENTER AND HOUSE JOINER,
EMIGRATION STREET.
REPAIRS promptly executed. Give me a call. 1-tf

HOME SPUN.
20th Ward Weaving Factory.

THE Subscriber begs to inform Wool Carders and others that he is prepared to work, on shares, WOOL into Jeans, Linseys, Cards, Blankets, Sheets, Petticoats, Shawls, or any kind of cloth that can be made in the Territory. He will also exchange cloths of every kind for wool or produce.
Ladies' Summer Shirts for Sale; Hoop Skirts repaired. THOMAS LYON,
33-tf Two Blocks east and one Block north of Bishop Sharp.

ATTENTION LADIES.

THE undersigned begs leave to state to her lady friends, and the public generally, that she continues the business of
MILLINER AND DRESSMAKER.
She has on hand a choice selection of STRAW BONNETS.
All kinds of Stitching done to order on Wheeler & Wilson's latest improved Sewing Machine. MRS. HUMES,
Emigration Street, two doors east of
33-3m. Mansion House.

ROGERS & HAGUE,
Electro-Platers and Gilders,

HAVING opened a shop for carrying on the business of
ELECTRO-PLATING AND GILDING,
are prepared to fill all orders with which they may be favored, at the old stand of JAMES HAGUE, on Broadway, second establishment South of the (Town Clock.)
Having had an extensive experience in the first establishments in England and the United States, they can guarantee satisfaction to all who encourage them with their patronage.
JOHN ROGERS.
35-tf JAMES HAGUE.

INFORMATION WANTED.

MRS. JANE SPIKING wishes to know the whereabouts of her son BENJAMIN; he is supposed to be in California. Information will be gratefully received by Mrs. Spiking, or Thomas Spiking, Cedar City, Iron Co., U. T.
31-6m

GLOBE
BAKERY,
Next door north of Livingston, Bell & Co.'s Store.
RICHARD GOLIGHTLY

BEGS most respectfully to thank his friends and the public generally for past patronage, and solicits an inspection of his present stock of Crackers, &c., of the different kinds of which, viz., Milk Crackers, Butter Crackers, Boston Crackers and Hard Bread, he has a large quantity always on hand, so that emigrants and others can be supplied with a choice stock of the staff of life, manufactured of the best material, and at moderate prices, at a moment's notice.
FINE LIGHT BREAD
Hot at 5 p.m. every day. Pound Cakes, Wedding Cakes, Sugar Crackers, Cakes, Buns; Abernethy, wine, anti-dyspeptic and soda Crackers made to order on short notice.
Rye Bread three times a week. 1-tf

Just Published, Price 5 cents,
THE MOUNTAINEER CALENDAR
For 1861.

THE Calendar gives the day of the month and week, together with the changes of the moon, &c. No person able to read ought to be without a copy. Price to Agents, $3 per 100.

BLACKSMITHING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

H. C. JACKSON will be on hand to accommodate his friends and customers at his Old Stand, near BALLO'S HALL, where he hopes, by strict attention to business, to be worthy the patronage of all who want good work done.
Accounts of long standing will be collected without fail. A hint to the wise is sufficient.
1-tf

LATEST IMPORTATIONS

WILLIAM NIXON

HAS just received from California, a large quantity of
WINDOW GLASS, STATES NAILS,
And a lot of very choice
TEAS, COFFEE, SUGAR,
DRIED FRUIT, &c.,
to which he invites public attention.
He has also on hand, a large amount of property lately purchased at Fort Crittenden, consisting of
SPADES, AXES, HARNESS,
&c., &c., which, having purchased at VERY LOW RATES, he is prepared to sell CHEAP, for Cash, Grain, Flour, Pork, and other Valley Produce. A great variety of
GENERAL
MERCHANDIZE,
suitable to the season and the wants of the people;
Prints, Lawns, Ribbons, Bonnets, &c.,
Together with every description of
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Tin Ware, Wall Paper, Varnish, Dye-Stuffs, Glass, Olive Oil, Cotton Yarn, home-made and imported Crockery, and numerous other articles constantly on hand.
Provisions and full fit-out for Emigrants and Farmers constantly on hand.
Liberal Discount allowed to Country Dealers.

WANTED,
One Hundred Yoke of Good WORK OXEN, also Fifty MILCH COWS, for which a liberal price will be paid.
Call and see me at Major Street, in this city; also at Fairfield, near Fort Crittenden.
G. S. L. City, April 2, 1861. 32-tf

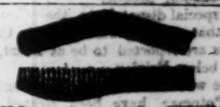
SAVE YOUR PAPER RAGS.

THE inhabitants of Utah are requested to [illegible] up the rags that were [illegible] and every description of cotton and linen [illegible] and bring them to the Mountaineer Office, [illegible] early call to examine specimens.
[illegible] Paper Company are prepared to [illegible] hand of superior quality for [illegible]
1-tf LIVINGSTON, BELL & CO.

W. F. ANDERSON, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Corner of Second and Richards, 3rd Ward, opposite City Brewery. 1-tf

DENTAL ART.

THE undersigned has received an assortment of Stocton's celebrated Mineral TEETH, with Gums; also, American and English TEETH, without Gums. He is now prepared to accommodate such as may call on him, with from one to a full set on Gold Plates.
JAS. M. BARLOW,
Clock and Watch Maker,
First house east of the Deseret Store,
1-tf G. S. L. City.



SELLING AT COST WITHOUT FREIGHT!
WILLIAM DERR
RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Utah that he has commenced manufacturing COMBS, at his Residence, one block south of Union Square, 16th Ward. If you want fine, coarse, or fancy dressing Combs, now is your time. He will take in exchange grain, flour, corn, &c., at Ticking prices. Cash will be taken at par. 1-tf

WOODMANSEE & BROS.
HAVING recently purchased a NEW and WELL-ASSORTED STOCK of
GOODS,
have them opened and now offered for sale in the House lately occupied by
HORD & DICKSON,
Situated on the East side of East Temple Street, G. S. L. City.
Their Stock consists of a fine assortment of Prints of the latest style, Lawns, Jaconetts, Delaines, Flannels, bleached and unbleached Muslin, Hosiery, Cotton Yarn, Cutlestuff, Jeans, Cottonades, Cassimeres, Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Boots and Shoes; Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Tobacco, Soaps, Dye Stuff, Powder and Lead. Also, a fine assortment of Liquors, including a superior article of Bourbon Whisky, Bottled Brandies, Old Rye, and other liquors, with a variety of Fancy Notions. In fact, a complete assortment of everything suitable to the wants and demands of the Utah market.
NOTICE.
We have also on hand and for sale, a substantial stock of Goods at OGDEN, at J. J. Terrell's Old Stand.
TERMS, CASH.
A few yoke of good work oxen would be taken in exchange for our goods.
Give us a call. No trouble to show goods.
1-tf

THE MOUNTAINEER
BOOK AND JOB
PRINTING OFFICE,
Basement Story of the Council House,
CORNER OF SOUTH AND EAST TEMPLE STREETS,
GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

HAVING lately received a new selection of JOB TYPE of the newest and most approved style, we are now enabled to do all description of work upon the shortest notice and in a superior style.
HANDBILLS, POSTERS,
Blanks, Checks, Receipts, Cards, &c. &c.,
Executed to order, at fair Prices.

W. I. APPLEBY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
WILL practice in all the Courts of Utah. Collection of Debts attended to. Powers of Attorney for the States and Europe, Deeds, Leases, Agreements, Indian claims, naturalization papers, &c., legally drawn up. Terms liberal.
Office—Townsend's Salt Lake House, East Temple Street, G. S. L. City. 4tf

FASHIONABLE TAILORS.
THURKILL & SPROAT
CONTINUE to do business at the old stand, three doors north of Townsend's Hotel.
A supply of Cloth, suitable for COATS, PANTS, and VESTS, always on hand.
BUCKSKIN COATS and PANTS made to order, either plain or in the most fashionable and ARTISTICALLY EMBROIDERED style.
Cutting done. Terms reasonable.
BUCKSKINS and FURS WANTED, for which the highest market price will be given.
33-tf

WANTED,
AT H. DINWOODEY'S
FURNITURE WAREHOUSE,
SIGN OF THE CHAIR,
Four doors south of Livingston, Bell & Co.'s Store,
25000 FEET OF LUMBER, viz.:
7000 feet two-inch Cottonwood and Pine Plank.
2000 feet one and a half inch Cottonwood and Pine Plank.
500 feet one and a quarter inch White Pine Plank.
5000 feet one inch White Pine Boards.
5500 feet of Scantling, 4 by 4 Quaking Asp and White Pine.
5000 feet of Scantling, 3 by 4, Pine.
Also, 20 or 30 cords of Quaking Asp and Red Pine Chair Lumber.
A large quantity of excellent FURNITURE always on hand. 33-tf

WANTED,
AT H. DINWOODEY'S
FURNITURE SHOP,
At my FURNITURE SHOP,
2500 feet 3 by 4 Scantling.
5000 " 2 inch Plank.
2000 " 3½ " "
2500 " 1½ " "
5000 " 1 " "
Also, a Lot of Red Pine and Quaking Asp Timber for Chairs.
A large quantity of Furniture constantly on hand.
Call and see. 1-tf H. DINWOODEY.

NEW ARRIVALS
FROM THE EAST,
At Livingston, Bell & Co.'s.

LIVINGSTON, BELL & CO. [illegible] to their friends & patronage [illegible] again to announce the [illegible] of [illegible] of [illegible] a very large and [illegible]

NEW GOODS.
FURTHER REDUCTIONS IN PRICES
[illegible] Paper Hangings and [illegible] hand of superior quality for [illegible]
1-tf LIVINGSTON, BELL & CO.